



# KANSAS AGITATOR

VOL. 4.

GARNETT, KANSAS, JUNE 1, 1893.

NO. 2

## ◀PRIVATE BROWN'S REFLECTIONS.▶

WILL CARLETON IN THE "REPUBLIC MAGAZINE."

The gathered ranks with muffled drums had grandly marched away;  
The hills had caught the sunset gleam of grand Memorial day.  
The orator had held the throng on sorrow's trembling verge;  
The choir had sung their saddest strains—the band had played a dirge;  
Some graves that had neglected been through many lonely hours  
Had leaped again to transient fame and blossomed forth with flowers,  
And one old veteran, Private Brown, with gray, uncovered head,  
Had wandered 'mongst those small green hills that held his comrades dead.

He bent and stroked the humble mounds with kind, old-fashioned word;  
He called his comrades all by name, as if he knew they heard.  
He said, "Ah, Private Johnny Smith, you lie so cold and still:  
This isn't much like that summer day you spent at Malvern Hill!  
The bellowing of the mighty guns your voice screamed loud above;  
You yelled, 'Come on, and see how men fight for the land they love!'  
You furnished heart for fifty fights; and when the war was through,  
You vainly hunted round for work a crippled man could do.  
They let you die of want, and debt to be your winding sheet,  
But this bouquet of flowers they sent is very nice and sweet.

"Ah, Jimmy Jones, I recollect the day they brought you back:  
They marched your body through the streets, 'neath banners draped in black.

Your funeral sermon glittered well—it told how brave you died—  
The tears your poor old mother shed were partly tears of pride.  
None left to-day to lean upon but country and her God—  
She crept from yonder poor-house door to kiss this bit of sod.  
It's hard, my boy; but nations all are likely to forget—  
And God must take His own good time to make them pay a debt.  
The sweet forget-me-nots that grow above your faithful breast  
Are types of His good memory, boy—and He knows what is best.

"Philander Johnson, from the plains we left you on as dead,  
You carried to the prison pen a keep sake made of lead;  
You starved there for your country's good—at last you broke away,  
And got in time to Gettysburg to help them save the day.  
You hired a man to ask for you a pension, 'twould appear;  
Your papers lost—they put you off from weary year to year;  
And when at last you took your less than thirty cents a day,  
You had to fight to keep the law from taking it away.  
Some school-boy doctor every month must probe your aching side,  
And thump you like a tenor drum to find out if you lied.  
You cost the nation little now—old hero of the fray—  
It sent some very pretty flowers to strew you with to-day.

"Yes, Lemuel White, this little flag is all that's left to mark  
The place where you retired so young to chambers cold and dark.  
The wooden slab I put up here so men your deeds could know  
Was broken down by sundry beasts not many months ago.  
But yonder monument upreared upon the village green  
Is partly yours, although your name is nowhere to be seen.  
The country had your body, boy; it gives to God your soul.  
It needed not your name except upon the muster-roll.

"Forgive me, boys—forgive me, God, if I had blood display,  
But flowers seem cheap to men whose hearts are aching day by day.  
Forgive me, every woman true, whose tender, thrilling hand  
Has lifted up to bless and soothe the saviours of our land.  
Forgive me, every manly heart that knows the fearful strain  
Of standing 'twixt America and blood, and death, and pain.  
Forgive me—all who know enough to fight the future foe  
By doing justice to the ones who fought so long ago.  
It is to those who trample us that I feel called to say  
That flowers look cheap to those starve and suffer day by day."

The sun had fallen out of view; the night came marching down.  
The twinkle of the window-lights came creeping up from town.  
The band was playing cheerful airs; glad voices decked the scene,  
And dancing were the youths and maids upon the village green.  
The gloomy graves were soon forgot, and pleasure ruled the night;  
But God has ways to teach us yet that Private Brown was right.

## ◀TWO CAPTAINS.▶

Well, no, I wasn't no soldier, but somehow I always feel bound  
To lend a hand decoratin' whenever the day comes around.  
I didn't go out with no rifle, the same that my gran'father bore,  
But I can't help havin' the feelin' that some way I fit in the war.

You see it were this way: When Lincoln come into the president's chair,  
An' some states begun their secedin', an' rumors of war filled the air,  
Our boys had just growed up to manhood, strong, patriotic an' bright,  
An' so they was ready for fightin' for what they believed to be right.

Now, mother were kind of romantic, an' talked of the rights of the state,  
But the nation my gran'father fit for seemed all right to me up to date;  
An' so we was kind of divided on which were the way it should be,  
An' Edward, he sided with mother, an' William, he sided with me.

An' after some time of hard fightin', an' neither seemed gainin' the day,  
Why, William, he went for the Union, an' Edward, he put on the gray;  
An' mother an' me kept on tendin' the farm as we'd done for long years,  
Both wishin' the war it were over; it brought to us sadness an' tears.

An' when there were news of a battle, no matter which side it were won,  
We knew that success of one side meant the certain defeat of one son.  
I heerd them there guns at South Mountain a-boomin' as plain as could be,  
An' I thought that the noise it weere thunder, so I looked up at Parr's  
Ridge to see

If the storm it were comin' towards us, for the way it passed over would  
show

Whether we'd ketch the rain, or it, leastwise, would p'int out the way it  
would go.

So I looked at the sky, an' then mother, she come to the door with a sigh,  
An' she said: "I reckon they're fightin'." "They're fightin'; yes,  
mother," says I.

At last the long fight were nigh ended, the terrible struggle near done,  
An' we hoped that the time were approachin' when we could once more  
have a son.

Well, man he makes plans for the future the way he would like things to be,  
But God it is who disposes an' fixes the final decree.

At Petersburg Grant went a-poundin', determined on winnin' the day,  
An' both of our captains was in it—one captain in blue, one in gray;  
An' after the battle were over, they lay in a tent, side by side.  
Our boys, they'd never come home, for they fit, an' they fell, an' they died.

One died for the Union he fit for, a victor who gained but a grave;  
The other for states' rights fell bleedin', a martyr defeated, yet brave.  
Each gave up his life for his duty, as duty appeared in his sight;  
Each fit an' each fell like a hero, an' God alone knows which were right.

THE gold-bug demagogues and their claquers all over the country are still ringing the changes on the "dishonest dollar," ignoring the fact that if it is dishonest, Republican legislation has made it so. Make silver equal with gold, and pay pensions, Indian annuities and all government employes in silver, and but a few months will elapse before gold will come down to the unit value.

READ "The Golden Bottle," Ignatius Donnelly's newest book. It is so intensely interesting that when one begins to read it, it is difficult to stop until the last page is finished. It is a book of our times.

THE great "Quadrangular Debate" and the "foreign" AGITATOR a year will be sent for 60 cents, if ordered soon. You can't afford to wait.